

The Washington Times

(MORNING, EVENING, AND SUNDAY)
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WASHINGTON, D. C., NOVEMBER 20, 1895

TRADE COUNCIL

Subscribers to "The Times" will receive a favor by promptly reporting any delinquency of collectors or neglect of duty on the part of carriers. Complaints either by mail or in person will receive prompt attention. The Morning Edition should be delivered to all parts of the city by 8:30 o'clock a. m., including Sunday. The Evening Edition should be in the hands of subscribers not later than 8:30 p. m.

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CIRCULATION THAT PAYS.

Advertisers Will Do Well to Profit by the Experience of Others.

Experimenting in advertising has proved very costly to thousands of merchants throughout the United States. The most prosperous merchants in Washington are those who advertise in The Times. Its morning and evening editions afford merchants such an opportunity as is presented by no other medium in this city. The Times carries no business of merchants who advertise merely because they always have. Merchants who use The Times do so because they have carefully estimated its value and have realized the benefits to be derived from their expenditures.

The Times asks for business on merit only. Its circulation is fully 25 per cent greater than that of any other paper published in Washington, and affects more trade than all others combined.

The Times is the paper of the people—people who read advertisements and who spend their money in Washington.

The circulation of The Times for the week ending November 17 was as follows:

Monday, Nov. 11	35,248
Tuesday, Nov. 12	35,095
Wednesday, Nov. 13	34,858
Thursday, Nov. 14	34,915
Friday, Nov. 15	34,673
Saturday, Nov. 16	35,630
Sunday, Nov. 17	23,470

Total for week, 233,799

I solemnly swear that the above is a correct statement of the daily circulation of THE WASHINGTON TIMES for the week ending November 17, 1895, and that all the copies were actually sold or mailed for a valuable consideration and delivered to bona fide purchasers or subscribers; also, that none of them were returned or remain in the office undelivered.

J. MITCHELL YOUNG, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 18th day of November, A. D. 1895.

ERNEST G. THOMPSON, Notary Public.

AFTER THE PIE.

To the victor belongs the booty, at least in that arm of the Government represented by the House and Senate.

An undivided service has not yet intruded into that sacred domain. The battle is on for all of those nice, seductive little places, from chief clerk to page of the humblest rank, which are so profitable and so luxurious.

At least two ex-Congressmen are seeking the high office of chief clerk of the House. This is a position which is usually secured by some statesman who discovered that his Commonwealth had not enough places in the Hall of Representatives to satisfy all of the applicants. For long years Mr. Peterson of Pennsylvania, Clark of Missouri, and Kerr of Pennsylvania have held this honorable post. When one reflects upon the vast period during which the Keystone State has managed this office one is led to the conclusion that the Commonwealth of Quia has nine points of the law in its favor.

Gen. Henderson is eminent, honorable, able, but he is from Illinois. Maj. McDowell, ex-Congressman-at-large from Pennsylvania, is a statesman whose fame as a raconteur has left its impress upon two worlds. More than that, he is a Pennsylvania man, and that must settle the contest in his favor. As the chief duty of the tenant of this office is to sit in an easy chair and receive callers, and entertain, Maj. McDowell certainly possesses in a peculiar way the qualities demanded. His swiftness in mode is unusual. His fortitude in re will withstand all assaults.

While, however, precedent smiles on McDowell, there are also dangerous insects on Henderson, and in common with the chosen, the place will be ornamented in the future, as it has been in the past, by the brilliant incumbent whose acts are written in history.

SIC TRANSIT.

The transition of a man of intelligence from what is called the condition and appearance of the human animal into the form and expression of the animal community called a monkey, which phenomenon is reported from New York, is not a matter to be treated with levity. It is probable that each person who has read of the occurrence has recalled some suggestion of a similar spectacle on the part of more or less dear friends, but merely dismissed it with the unphilosophical phrase, "They made monkeys of themselves."

There appears to be no doubt that the New York man has been rapidly changing his nature from that of the humanized animal into that of his simian ancestor. Others have performed the feat successfully and as that given by the Danish clown, why Hamlet's insanity would not be criticized in England. In the case now considered, the man's physical form reverted to the ancestral expression so startlingly that ethnologists have seized upon it as a peculiar case, and, it is unnecessary to say, they have excited widespread alarm by the discussion of a possibility that the mentality of the simian, which is not so readily recognized in the human, may so easily show itself in a sudden metamorphosis exemplified by the physical form.

The suggestion has been made by one ethnologist who has been dabbling in social economy that men may at will cast off the thin veneering that distinguishes them from their more or less remote ancestry, and so escape from the thrall of war, agriculture, commerce, competition, and all the ills of civilization, such as cable and electric cars, grade crossings and dictation in regard to trousers and gowns.

Unquestionably the possibilities for any hapless embodied in this reversion are boundless. One might take his chocolate from the tree instead of from the gilded table of my lady's boudoir. The prehistoric exhilaration of the forest might be found preferable to the senseless tale of the afternoon reception. The whole world would be a summer resort. Nobody would be compelled to bother about Kaffir stocks. Cent-per-cent would be a forgotten word. Personal liberty would be complete. The argument is not to be sneered at. The New York man is simply a pioneer in a general movement to revert to that lovely and economical condition of the time when the morning stars sang together.

FIREPROOF BUILDINGS.

The destruction of the largest business block of Lowell, Mass., by fire this morning, as reported in The Times, calls attention again to the assertion frequently made of late that so-called fireproof structures furnish particularly good fuel for the flames.

At the time of the destruction of the Manhattan Bank building recently Chief Bonner of the New York fire department made the startling statement that there is not a single fireproof building in the metropolis. His assertion has been echoed by his brother officials in most of the large cities of the country. Washington included, and the statement is emphasized by the occurrence at Lowell today.

It seems almost inconceivable that, with all the precautions and elaborate inventions of many years past by those who invest in and erect large structures, the danger from fire should still remain almost as great as when the old half-wood or all-wood buildings were in vogue.

The plain conclusion is that if such structures cannot be made proof against the flames in either form or material the appliances for extinguishing fire must be improved and increased, and that each building should have its own perfect apparatus and persons to operate it. Better than this would be automatic extinguishers, of which there are many, and builders should be compelled to place them properly under the approval of an inspector.

Fire departments as at present constituted are of use principally to prevent the spread of the flames. They rarely save a building where the fire originates. One of the most surprising phases of the matter is that insurance companies, with their vast influence and interests, have not before this brought about a thorough reform.

OVERHEAD WIRES.

The city is to be congratulated that at least an attempt is being made to prevent an increase of the network of wires which overhang scores of streets, even if nothing can be done effectively toward the removal of the nuisance in its entirety.

To the most ordinary observer, however, the attempt must appear to be exceedingly feeble and that only one of a thousand offenses has been singled out for attack. Certain companies using immovable wires are constantly engaged in "replacing" old poles with new, and invariably the new are not only more numerous than their predecessors, but are plainly intended for many additional insulators. In a rearrangement of wires no city official is on the spot to inspect and count. The operation is very cunning. It is practically impossible to prevent an infraction of the law.

The only solution of the disposal of this altogether unnecessary nuisance is to place every company operating wires to place its lines in underground conduits. Every large city abroad and most of them in America took this step long ago, and that Washington is not in the front of the reform can only be due to its subservience to corporation influence.

The women of the Purity Alliance are again advocating the dual standard of morality. Their missionary work should be among those of their own sex. Let women withhold the finger of scorn from erring sisters and refuse to socially recognize men who go wrong. The dual standard will then soon follow.

The chilling blasts from the North are parting the clouds and have given a passing glimpse to the daisies and that the snowflakes will soon be oscillating with the chrysanthemums.

A debatable question: Will the Presidential boom go to pieces if they should strike a Quay?

It appears that no one except the news paper correspondents are alive in Turkey.

Clever women politicians have inaugurated campaign dinners. These should be very effective if fed to the opposite party.

Will Lord Dunraven kindly lay himself aside for a few decades?

The opening of the Nez Perce reservation was a comparatively peaceful affair. Was the land worthless?

The rainbow chasers being out of a job by reasons of climatic conditions can turn their attention to Perrin's new comet.

The availability of the Populist Senator at present must not be construed as popularity.

The failure of the mackerel catch may be due to the immense Democratic traffic on Salt River.

McCook Senators will soon be a thing of the past.

As Justice Hill, New York's senior Senator, has a different opinion of personal liberty.

The Sultan was not poisoned. He had merely been indulging immoderately in cigarettes.

VANDERBILT LOVE STORY

Pretty Sally Lake's Mother Rejected the Old Commodore as Poor Trash.

Names Scratched by Him Upon a Window with Sally's Diamond Still Seen at the Mansion.

Just as his great-granddaughter is about to marry the Duke of Marlborough, a romantic story comes to light of the first and unsuccessful wooing of the old commodore, Cornelius Vanderbilt, founder of the family fortunes.

The commodore's first flame was a Miss Sally Lake, of Staten Island. Sally's mother, according to the story which came out yesterday, rejected his suit, called him poor trash, and told him never to darken her door again. As for Sally, she was a dutiful daughter.

The scene was the old Staten Island mansion at the foot of Pennsylvania avenue, Clifton overlooking the bay, scratched on one of the window panes facing south to be seen to this day the words, "Sally Lake and C—." The words were scratched with Sally's diamond ring, and the "C" presumably stands for Cornelius.

The mansion is one of the best preserved of the pre-revolutionary buildings around New York. It dates from 1710. In it are the same solid old white oak beams, cedar rafters, and cypress ceilings that were there when the English flag floated over the Battery. It is on a gently sloping hillside, running almost to the river, and the view it commands of the Narrows and upper bay and the Long Island Shore and the lower part of the city is superb.

There John B. Austin lived for fifty years. He was a well-known real estate auctioneer in the days of early New York, and he and the commodore were close friends. Mr. Vanderbilt could not much to him, and one of his confidantes was his little lack with the first woman that caught his fancy—Sally Lake.

Mr. Austin died a year ago, and his daughter, Mrs. Oswald Muller, who resides in the old house, told the story to a World reporter yesterday.

The commodore used to row past this house," she said, "and soon became acquainted with Sally Lake. She was beautiful and engaging and entirely captivated him. You see, the water is not many yards away."

"One night she called to him from the side of the lake. 'Cornel, Cornel, why don't you row to me and come in?'"

"Now, this the commodore used to tell my father was just what he was waiting for. He made fast the boat to the rocks and ran up the slope. He wore a boating suit, broad-brimmed straw hat and red wooden shirt, with collar unbuttoned and turned low. His neck he used to tell my father with a laugh, was as red as the wattle of a turkey cock."

"That was the beginning. He called frequently after that, and with the usual result. He became madly in love, but the girl's mother could see no prospect for the future, and one afternoon, after Mr. Vanderbilt made a visit, there was a stormy scene between the mother and the daughter, for the commodore had made an impression. The mother's firmness prevailed, and she forced Sally to give up her boatman lover."

"The next day when Cornelius called the door was slammed in his face. As I get the story, Mrs. Lake said to him in most cutting style: 'No poor trash as Cornelius Vanderbilt will ever darken my door again!'"

Mr. Vanderbilt went away very much cut up. He often told my father that Mrs. Lake's words were one of his strongest incentives to be successful in business."

"The lovers corresponded for awhile, but they never met again."

"As to the words on the window, Mr. Vanderbilt told my father that one afternoon as he and Sally were strolling in the garden, he saw a boatman watching the passing ships. He took her diamond ring from her finger and commenced to scratch her name and his on the pane. They were surprised by the watchful boatman just as the 'C' was finished. He doubtless intended to write Cornelius, and after that the date."

Mrs. Muller said her father had often told her the story, but it did not go very far. She was reluctant to repeat it for publication—New York World.

Just Invent Something.

A Maine farmer, whose chickens were out too many times to suit him, conceived the idea of fastening strips of copper over the toes, and found that one pair of these shoes did the service of three without the tips. A man from the State of Maine introduced him to patent the idea, and between \$50,000 and \$100,000 was made. How much the farmer received no one knows.

The metal button-faster for shoes was invented by a Providence man, and was considered a great thing. It has grown in use till today scarcely a shoe is sold without the fastener. Another productive invention was that of the man who wanted to fix a shipping tag so that it would not tear out. He thought five minutes, and evolved the round painted circle on each side of the hole, and his fortune was made.

The man who invented the puzzle, "Pigs in Clover," had a unhappy time of it. Before his invention was patented another firm was manufacturing it, and when he finally got an injunction the craze was over and he had nothing for his pains.

The return ball, which is fastened with a rubber to a cup, netted its inventor \$60,000, and is still selling.

A recent invention which has come into prominence within the last two or three years is the cap on the top of beer bottles. This appliance is usually taking the place of the rubber cork with the iron thumb lever. It is found that the sulphur in the rubber cork is acted upon by the beer, with the result of causing the rubber to deteriorate and spoil the beer.

An offer from some whisky makers is attracting the attention of inventors. It is a reward of \$25,000 to \$50,000 for an appliance on bottles which will prevent their being refilled. As it is now, all the great whisky and beer makers of the world are constantly getting letters from people who complain that they have received inferior qualities of liquids under well-known labels.

Several days ago a patent was granted for an addition to tin cans which made the opening of them very easy matter and did away with the old-fashioned tin can-opener. The can had a small rim just below the top, bent by machinery at an angle just below the breaking point. By this means the tin can could be opened by the top would be broken off with a smooth edge. This did not cost the inventor one cent a thousand above the regular price of the tin can. A Chicago maker, as soon as he heard of the invention, ordered 10,000,000 cans to pack meat in to fill an order for the German army. The inventor of this can made a fortune in the first six months. His cans are now used all over the United States for oysters and fruit.

Within the last year a patent has been granted on a new whistle, principally by bicyclists and made on the principle of the fog whistle. It is manufactured by a firm in the East and they have only been able to supply the demand. The inventor has received for some time past \$5,000 a month.

\$4 MEN'S SHOES, \$2.90.

We cannot say too much for our men's Black and Blue Water Shoes at \$2.90. Finest leather—call in a narrow and ideal toe and narrow last—Hartington, foot & half-way the guarantee to every pair. JENNINGS MILLER shoes, 900 Penn. Ave., N. E. Open till 8 p. m. Saturdays, 10:31. Ladies' shoes polished free.

WAS THE LADY HYPNOTIZED?

New Theory to Account for Mrs. Tilton's Remarkable Conduct

Becher's Friend Shearman Thinks He Has Some Fresh Light on the Famous Trial.

Thomas G. Shearman, who was Henry Ward Becher's most devoted friend and attorney in the famous Brooklyn divorce twenty years ago, says that the modern discovery in hypnotism fully clear up the greatest mystery of that case celebre. No one could account at the time for Mrs. Tilton's contradictory statements. She first asserted Becher's innocence and her own. Then, after the trial was over, she signed a confession of guilt. A little later she declared that the confession was false.

Shearman says that she was a hypnotic subject, and that she acted just as Prof. Charcot's subjects do in Paris.

Her explanation of her conduct on certain occasions was in this precise language used by Charcot's subjects: "She said she felt that she must do as she did, she could not help herself. She would turn pale and tremble at the sight of Tilton."

On one occasion, when she caught a glimpse of him across a crowded street without having attracted his attention, she would have sunk to the ground had she not been supported by the friends who were walking with her.

Tilton used to try experiments with her by willing her to do certain acts at a certain hour, and she would do them, and, as she was going to the theatre, she would find a friend waiting for her at the door.

On one occasion, when she caught a glimpse of him across a crowded street without having attracted his attention, she would have sunk to the ground had she not been supported by the friends who were walking with her.

Tilton was able to prove to his host's satisfaction afterward that Mrs. Tilton had obeyed the command that he sent to her by means of the hypnotic power of his thought.

After the Tiltons had separated their son in matrimony, Mrs. Tilton sought to reconcile her parents and to return to the home without her mother's consent.

Once alone with her, Tilton easily compelled her to sign the confession which she afterward repudiated. She was indiscreetly and morally helpless in his hands, just as the hypnotic subjects of today are in the hands of an expert operator.

After the trial Tilton made \$50,000 a year, but when the public curiosity was satisfied his audience became so small that he was forced to abandon the platform. He has since been a wealthy man, who has frequently sent money to Mrs. Tilton's necessities. Mrs. Tilton keeps a boarding house in England—E. V. Smalley, in Chicago Times-Herald.

Curious Personalities.

Queen Christina's decision to confer the order of the Golden Fleece on President Faure, and the decision of the Emperor of Russia to confer the same on the Emperor of Germany. The only living French members of the order are the Duke of Talar, Neuchâtel and Annale and the Prince de Joinville.

Gen. Joe Shelby, the Confederate buccaner, who is one of President Cleveland's United States marshals in Missouri, is a descendant of words with Congressmen Dockery and others over appointments. Dockery called Shelby a Mugwump, and said he had appointed Republicans to office. The general replied by showing his appointments none but Democrats.

The new census statistics of Rhode Island show that women predominate over men in the State to the number of 10,000. The women alone, with a population of 145,472, number over the men by 5,060. The entire population of the State is 344,758, an increase of 50,000 over 1885.

The Sultan of Turkey recently received a magnificently equipped horseless carriage. At present, however, he is seeking the seclusion that the palace leaves and has not dared to make use of his new toy.

Pulver Judge Campbell, of San Francisco, joined the Salvation Army in that city last week. Mrs. Ballington Booth is preaching there, and at one of the meetings the judge stood up and asked to be prayed for, and afterward joined the army. He does not expect to don uniform and become a regular warrior.

Mr. Kestner is the oldest member of the Russian world, and the "iron horse" of former days merely began. Russia has never really accepted the locomotive as an institution; her officers stride through the corridors of the railway in carriages with the floor swinging martially under the floating folds of the imperishable mouse-gray cloak.

One might have gone through the empire by rail and save by seeing a private soldier, might never have known that the uniform of the Russian army is dark green. An officer on a bicycle is no longer a thing of mystery and awe. He has cast off his costly mantle and his sword—no longer swinging and rattling, an unseen terror—is gilt lightly up as a manifest imprudence.

Carry the cycle into the world of thought; we can see at once that it has effected, or is effecting, a vast and noble change. Already the mysticism of the Slav character must have received its death blow. Introspection is essential to the mystic.

Now, he who cycles—like she—of the introspective, is sure to be reminded with painful suddenness of the solidity of externals. Even a Russian mystic will become more practical after running into a steam roller or down the bank of a canal. The familiar types of Muscovite fiction will vanish or remain but as fossils in a museum.

The Tolstois creed—which is not, by the way, Tolstois practice—of poverty, asceticism and non-resistance is blown to the winds in a spirit through the parks.

French to a cyclist that all cycles, his own in particular, should be the property of everybody; that it is his duty to abstain from riding, especially on his own machine; and that he must take cheerfully the cutting of his tires, and in a second you will be preaching to the cycling dandy while the breeze beats back to you the feeble sound of a scornful foot.

A Fates of Florida. When Phyllis, blonde and debonair, asked George to send her home. Two flowering plants that would match her hair.

To deprive her room: He complied at once on that selfsame day. His wife he always honors—And his child he got was put this way: "To a pair of yellow bloomers."—S. R.

It rained

opportunities last week in the market—fairly hailed advantages—that we were prompt to see and prompt still to improve. We gathered a big batch—and today we're going to distribute them.

Poor Man—

He made as fine Pantaloon as ever went into a store's stock. But he was obliged to close his manufactory. We bought a thousand pairs of his pants—'cause we knew what they were. Of course there was a price concession—and you get your share of it.

\$7, \$7.50 and \$8 values for \$5.50
\$9 and \$9.50 values for \$6.50
Some of the styles in the window.

They're domestic worsteds—but that don't mean that they're not fine trousers—in choice patterns—cut and fitted to perfection. Better get a pair—they'll come in handy before the winter is over.

Split in half—Some Boys' Ulsters—about two hundred—that are worth \$10—and that's rating it extremely—are on sale today at

\$5.00

Just half price. The house that made these coats turns out the best Boys' Clothes in America. There isn't a

SAKS AND COMPANY,

Penna. Ave. and 7th St., "Saks' Corner."

BICYCLES AMONG THE SLAVS

How It Is Sweeping Aside Moss-Grown Customs and Musty Prejudices.

Ancient Customs of Women and the Uniform of the Russian Soldier Disappearing.

The pneumatic tire will probably come to be regarded in future ages as one of the greatest forces in the evolution of society. What the primitive "boneshaker," the lofty "ordinary," now a mere survival, even the "safety" in its first inadequacy of solid rubber failed to do, that has been achieved by the "pneumatic safety" of the present.

Not only does the new steel rule in the star, in Turkey and the Slav and the woman of both have been swept away by the fashion and the Balaclava helmet and the winding alleys of Yelagine Island are even as Balaclava Park.

Nothing short of the pneumatic tire could stand the shocks of the atrocious cobble-stone pavement that covers most of the streets of St. Petersburg, but the brave and fair can securely venture, upon the air of their wheels, to ride slowly over the treacherous spheres, until they reach some friendly plank bridge and beyond it a freshly graveled and rolled macadamized road, and forthwith they put on the pace and scorch through the islands.

Foremost in the Russian army, in the tread of the Russian soldier, is the bicycle. The bicycle has done what it seemed beyond the power of man or the elements to do—it has parted the Russian officer from his beloved mouse-gray cloak, that stately garment that was ever new, and yet, apparently, always worn, says a writer in St. Petersburg.

And the magic wheel has wrought this miracle, and daily do officers, in batches or as single soldiers, flash past the pedestrian in the dark-green uniform common to a large part of the population, with swords high for safety or peacefully strapped across the back. This of itself is almost a revolution.

Again, the ever-adventurous Russian woman has emulated her French sister, and wheels passionately, in habit or divided skirt, in the dark-green uniform common to a large part of the population, with swords high for safety or peacefully strapped across the back. This of itself is almost a revolution.

It seems that the steel-and-rubber tread is destined to work that revolution in the Russian world that the "iron horse" of former days merely began. Russia has never really accepted the locomotive as an institution; her officers stride through the corridors of the railway in carriages with the floor swinging martially under the floating folds of the imperishable mouse-gray cloak.

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Southbound. From Washington to New York, via Potomac, 7:50 pm. From New York to Washington, via Potomac, 7:30 am. From Washington to New York, via Potomac, 7:50 pm. From New York to Washington, via Potomac, 7:30 am.

Northbound. From New York to Washington, via Potomac, 7:30 am. From Washington to New York, via Potomac, 7:50 pm. From New York to Washington, via Potomac, 7:30 am. From Washington to New York, via Potomac, 7:50 pm.

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